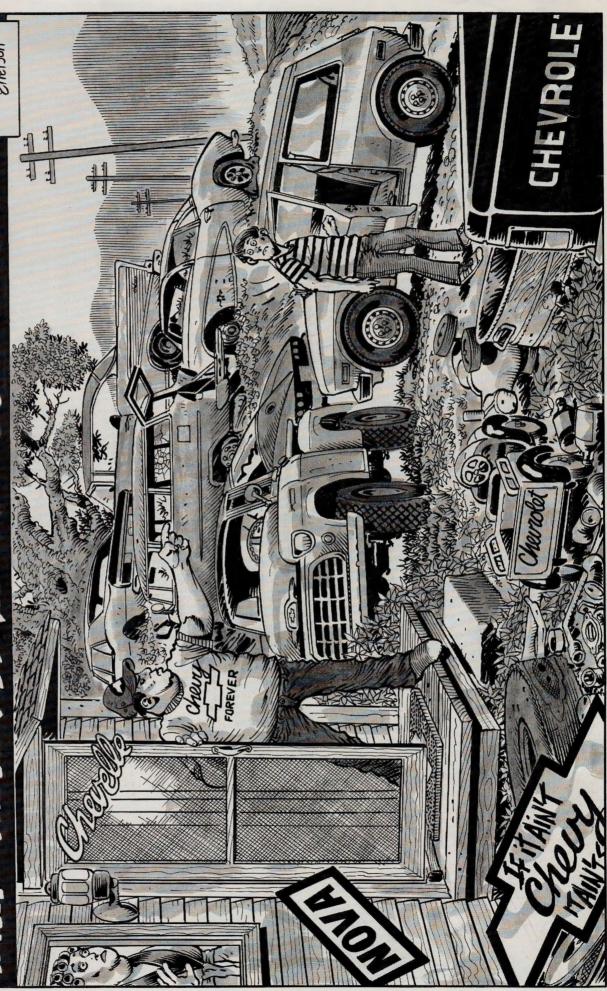


SUGGESTED SUGGESTED





John Dianna

V.P., Group Publisher

Bruce Bakke

Publisher

Don Evans

Editorial Director

Dennis Ellefson

Editor

Jane Barrett

Point of Reference

Advertising Sales Bruce Bakke

National Advertising Manager

Arlene Sax

Advertising Sales Supervisor

Advertising Sales Office

Petersen Publishing Company 8490 Sunset Boulevard Los Angeles, CA 90069 Phone: 213/854-2731

Subscription & Inquiries 213/854-2470

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The only humor magazine in the World for the lovers and owners of cars.

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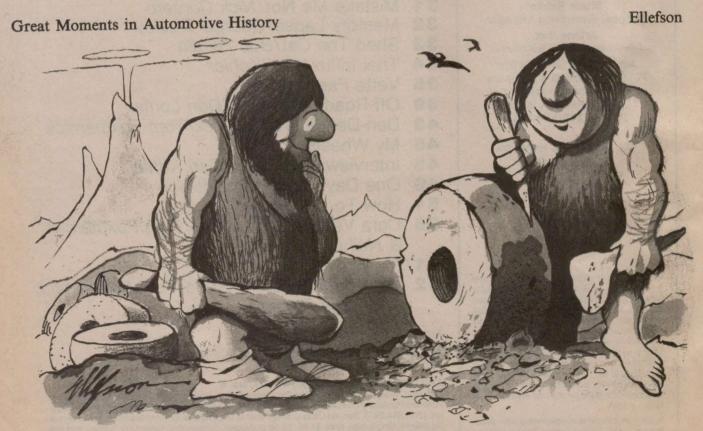
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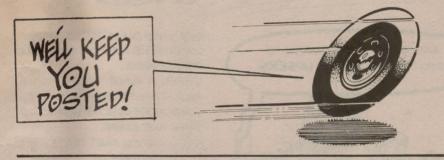
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COMING

Sound the horns, ring the bells, bang the drums, tell your friends, tell your enemies. . .tell them what? Tell them this: We here at CARtoons are presenting a 160 page "BEST OF CARTOONS" one shot. Plenty of Krass & Bernie's top automotive adventures, George Trosley's "How to Draw Cars" and all the CARtoons crew: Shawn Kerri, Steve Austin, Don Lomax, Tom Foxmarnick, Carl Kohler, Unk & The Varmints, the whole deal. So, don't miss it. . .Your collector's issue, The Best of CARtoons.







STROUDSBURG, PA 18360

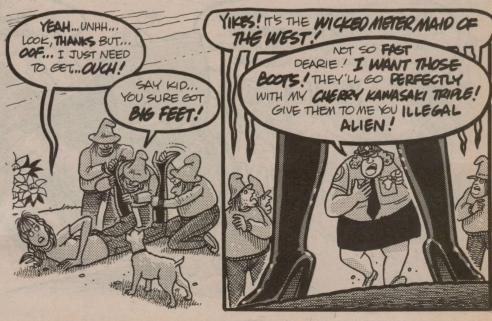














BEVERAL MILES DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK FREEWAY DORATHY AND FOMOCO COME ACROSS A PECULIAR ESTABLISHMENT...



HELLO LITTLE LADY. I'M HAL WORTHLESS. MY DEALERSHIP IS THE BIGGEST IN ALL CO.

CARZ ... ER, WELL IT USED TO BE BEFORE THE AUTO THIEVES CAME



CAR THIEVES, HERE IN CARZ ?!! WHY CON'T YOU CALL THE COPS?

OH WE CON'T HAVE COPS
HERE...ONLY EVIL METER
MAIDS. AND THEY'RE NO
HELPAT ALL. OHH... IF I
ONLY HAD THE BRAINS TO
SCARE THOSE CRIMINALS

SAY, WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH US. I'M GO INSTOSEE THE WIZARD OF CARE ABOUT A PERSONAL MATTER... MAYBE HE CAN HELP YOU?!



BURTHER COWN THE ROAD THEY CAME



H-HELLO ... ARE YOU ALIVE?

J-JUMP ... NEED A JUMP.



THERE.

GOOD. THAT'S NICE.

ALH ... GEE, IF I CNUL!

HAD A GOOD BATTERY!

YOU SEE I WAS DOING SOME
BOOM HOOK ON MY CAR AND

IT STARTED TO RAM, MY CARN

RATTERY WENT ORAN

BEEN STUCK HERE

FOR WEEKS! CH IF



I'VE GOT TO GET
THOSE BOOTS ... LET'S SEE ...
NO PRIOR ARRESTS ... THREE
MISDEMEANORS ON BAD SINGING WITHOUT A PERMIT ...
HMMMM ...



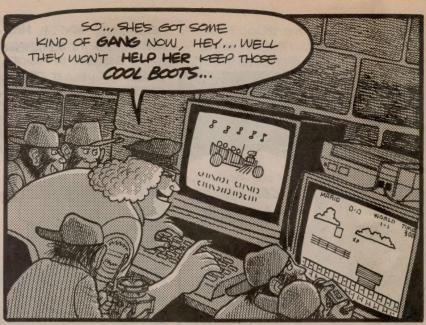
DEANWHILE, CUR EVER-INCREASING WIZ-ARD-SEEKERS HAVE COME UPON ANOTHER AND PERHAPS STRANGEST OF ALL, CHARACTER IN DISTRESS.

... SO YA S-SEE ... IF I ONLY

HAD SOME C-COURAGE I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID T-TO ASK S-SOMEONE TO BUY MY CAR. OH, I'M SUCH A FR-FRAIDY CAT... IF ONLY...

QUIT WHINING AND GET IN THE CAR!!!





BOON THE ECLECTIC CREW STOPS FOR A SUGARY REFRESHMENT AT A LOCAL YELLOW BRICK MINI MART ...





NEEDA QUICK PICK-ME-UP FOR THAT LO-ONG DRIVE ... GET THIS STUFF. IT'S GOOD TO THE LAST MILE!



ALL RIGHT KIDS, NO STUPID
METER MAID WITH DRUGGED
SLURPYS IS STOPPING US NOW!
ACCORDING TO MY THOMAS CHIDE
MAP, WE'LL BE GOING THROUGH
SOME BORING STUFF FOR THE
NEXT PEW MILES SO JUST MEET
US LATER ON



READ ME! READ ME! READ ME! READ ME! READ ME! READ ME! READ

This is Part-II of the Find-Mistakes-Contest. No clues are given in this final part. You'll hafta squint harder. Or put your glasses on. Or clean your contact-lenses. Or even con a friend with super-eyesight to help you find the mistakes in this final part. Whatever works best.

Also, you must list the mistakes in this Part-II in the exact order in which they appear. Doing it any other way disqualifies your entry. Simply refer to the list you made from mistakes found in last issue's Part-I-and continue adding the mistakes in this Part-II, numbering them as you find each one.

Repeat: ALL MISTAKES MUST BE LISTED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY

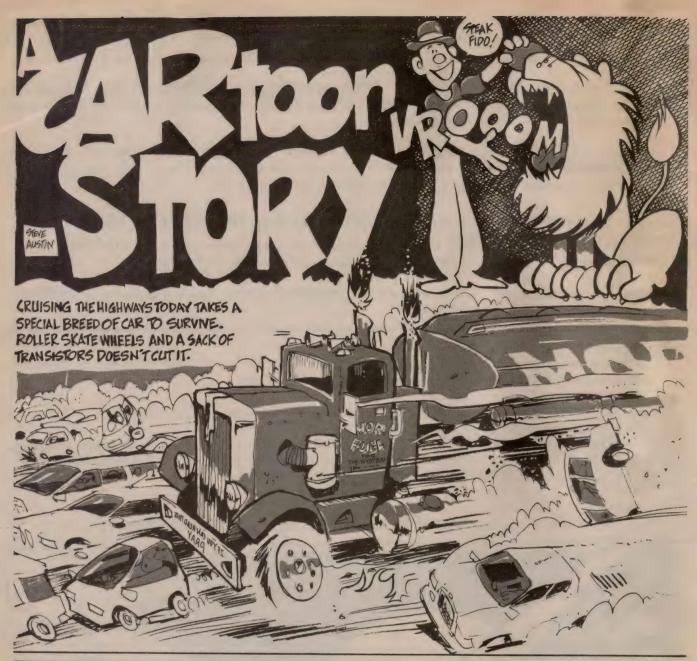
APPEARED IN PART-I AND PART-II. If your total entry doesn't list them in numbered sequence (exactly as they followed each other), you goofed—and your entry list is disqualified.

Why is Part-II harder than Part-I? So only those with the Sharpest eyes stand a chance of being winners. Otherwise, every dweeb on your block could win.

One last reminder:

- (1) There are no clues for this final Part-II of the contest.
- (2) Scan this Part-II even more carefully than you did Part-I.
- (3) FInd all the mistakes.
- (4) Number each mistake as you find it, continuing the numbering from your Part-I list.
- (5) Make TWO COPIES of your entry list.
 (6) Mail ONE COPY to CARtoons. Keep the other copy safely at home.
- (7) BE SURE THE COPY YOU MAIL TO CARtoons HAS YOUR FIRST & LAST NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, YOUR CITY, STATE AND ZIP-CODE ON IT.

We're great at designing fiendlish contests but we've not mindreaders, y'know.









































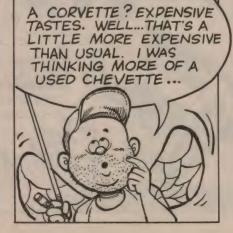










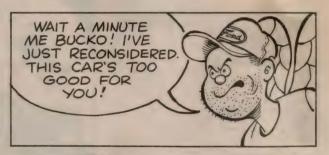
















CATHY OF AVAILANCHE APPRECIATION





THE HEART OF THIS MEATY MACHINE IS A
400 PLUS HORSEPOWER RUF TURBO! AND
IF YOU NEED TO GET TO WORK BY DOING
OVER 200 MPH ON SURFACE STREETS,
THIS IS YOUR BABY! DIG IT, PIVE-SPEED
TRANS, FULL FACTORY POWER WITH
AIR--GIVE ME A BREAK! THIS IS TO DIE
FOR, DUDE!





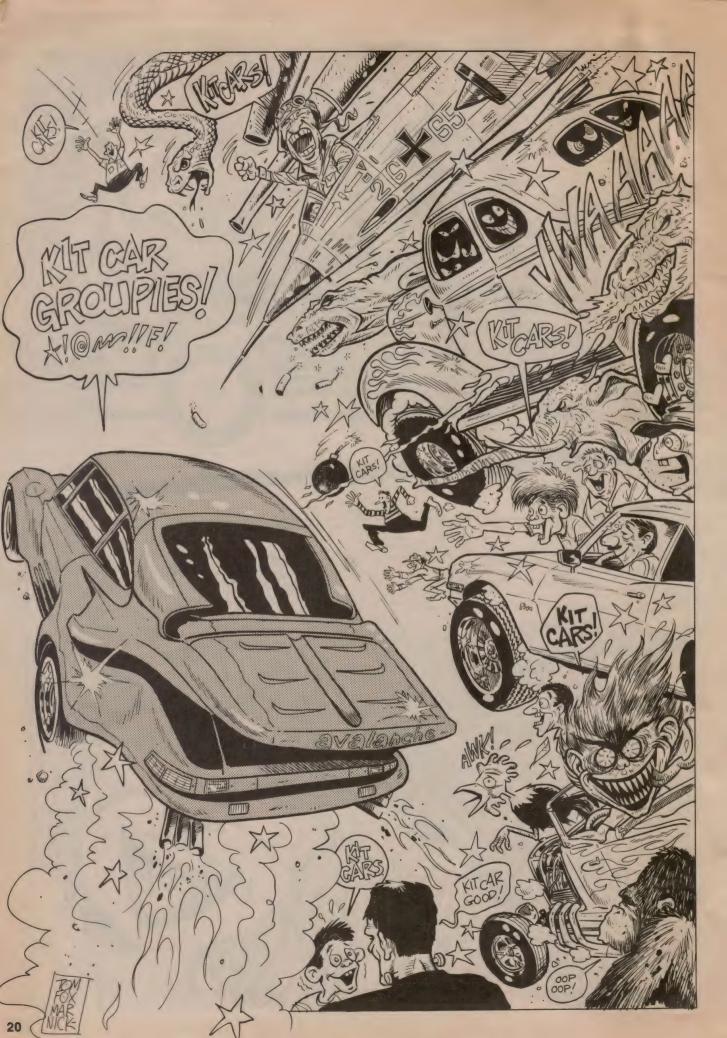


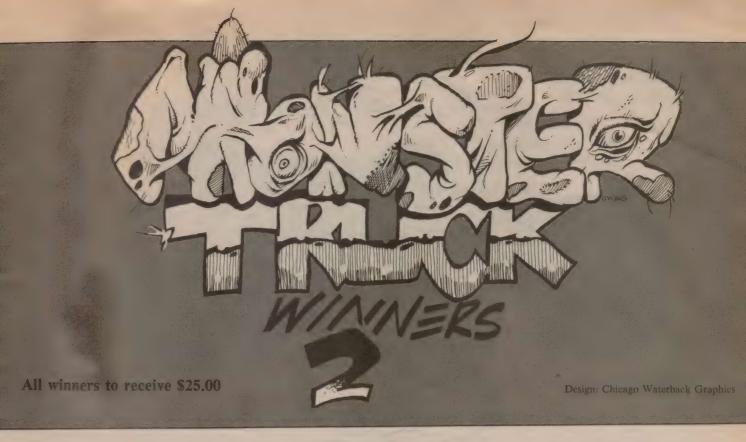














Greg Panneitz Webster, New York

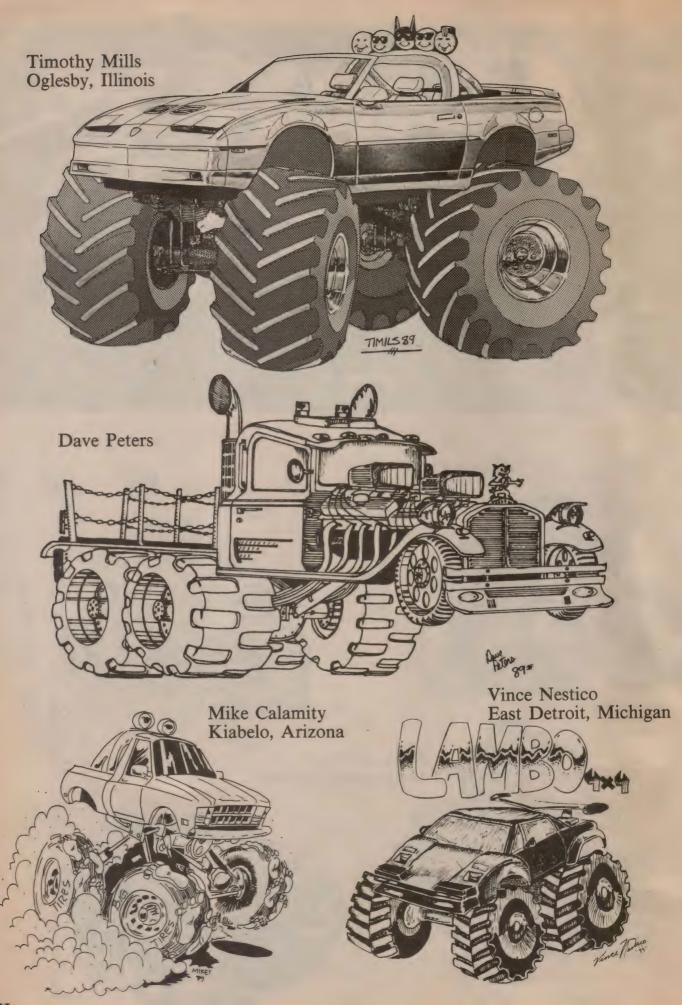


Barry Roberts
Indianapolis, Indiana





Atmore, Alberta, Canada



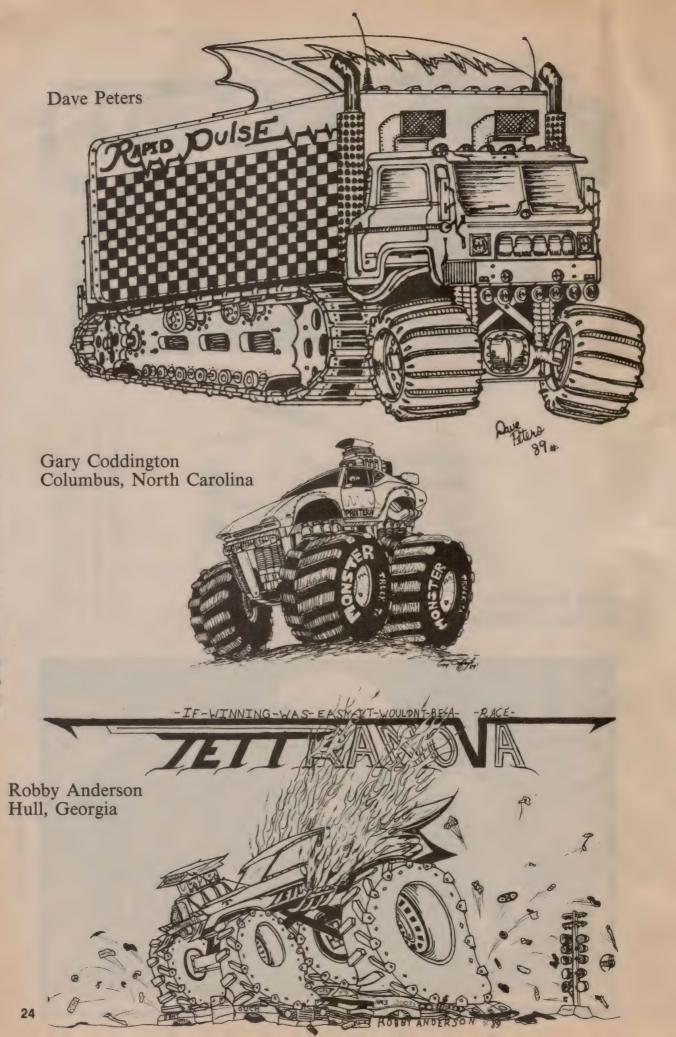


Hosea Liminata



We are printing more than one drawing from some of our winners, 'cuz we just kinda, like, liked 'em!







PRINGTIME COMES TO THE HIGH DESERT. THE PERFUME OF A MILLION WILD FLOWERS SIGNALS THE LIL' BOY CRITTERS TO START CHASING THE LIL' GIRL CRITTERS. EVEN KIT "CACTUSPANTS" COLSON IS SMITTEN!



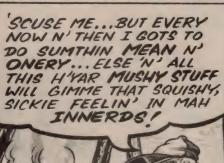
KAWASAKIS,

AND MAKE LIKE THE BUZZARDS AND BEES













































BORIN DOWN

WITH JOE BORER



160 page Best of CARtoons coming.

















OF COURSE, IT'S NOT AT ALL AS NICE AS THE ROADSTER I BUILT WAY BACK IN THE FIFTIES ...



IT WAS A REAL BEAUTY! I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE CAPABLE OF BUILDING SOMETHING LIKE THAT ...



WITH THESE OLD PHOTOS AND SPECS CF HIS ROADSTER I CAN BUILD AN EXACT REPLICA OF IT DOWN TO THE LAST NUT & BOLT!

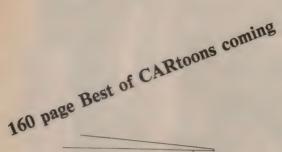








"Why are they always called Vans but never called Verns or Dons?"





"I'm still saving for a truckcab."



"100,000-watt payback for dweebs who don't dimmer their headlights at night."



"Bought it just to have a mobile planter?"

TRUN



"Special maintenance crew imported with each unit."



"Gee, I always wanted one with a hide-away bed!"



"Missed a truckbed payment."



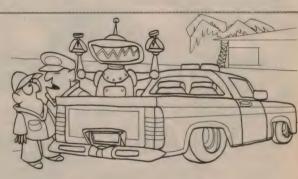
"Huge discount as a factory goof-up."

INFLUX

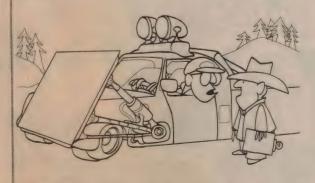
WITH KOHLER



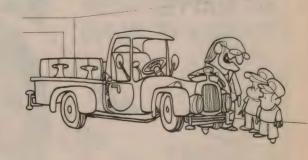
"Hot truck! Hot truck! Not HOP truck, dummy!"



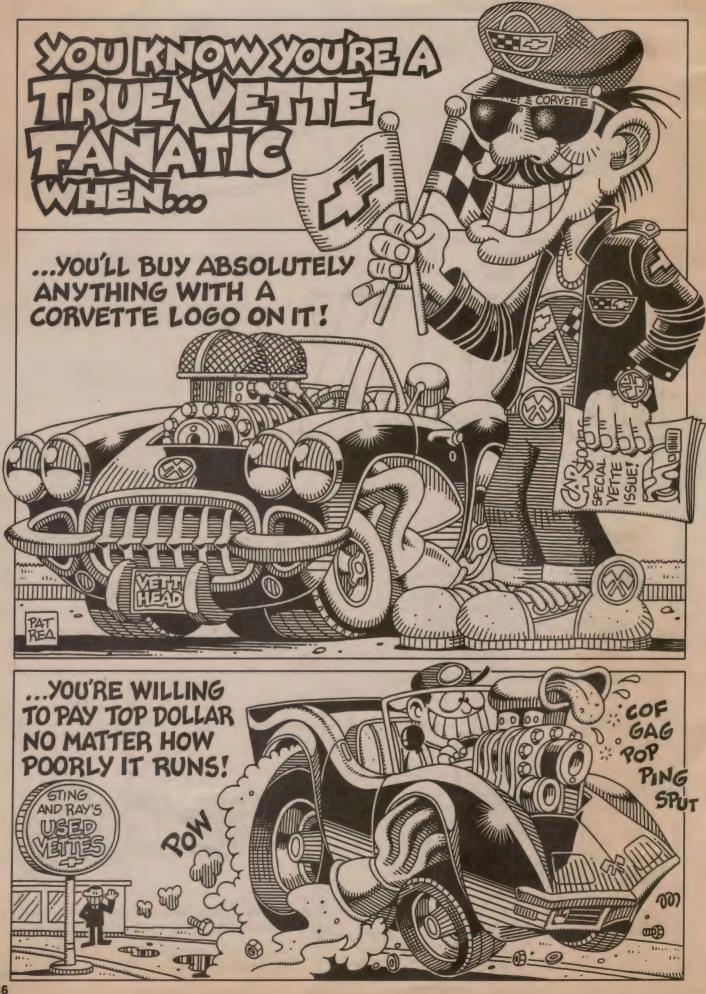
"Programmed to pitch tacks at troublesome tailgaters."



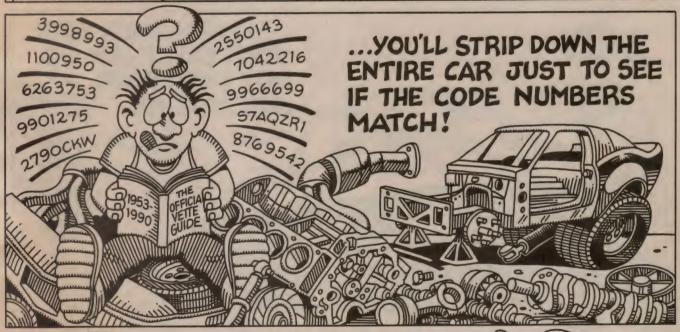
"Widening firebreaks, nature trails and city alleys is my hobby."

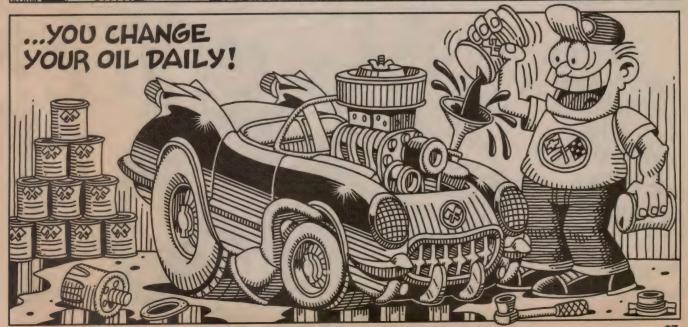


"You... built the whole shebang with wooden matchsticks, cheap glue and bad language!"





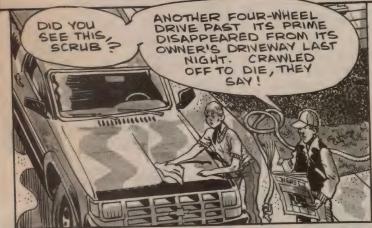


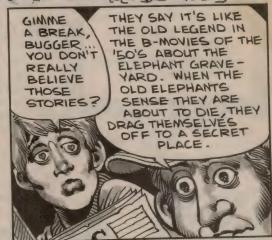




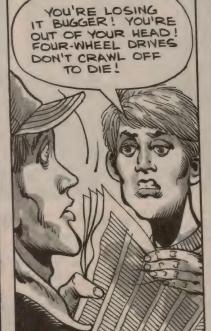






















THEY WENT ON ON FOOT ...











SUDDENLY, ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE SKELETAL WRECKS CAME TO LIFE AS THEIR HEADLIGHTS CAME ON.



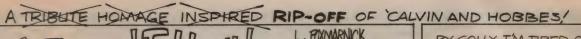














BY GOLLY, I'M TIRED OF DOING STORIES ABOUT CRUISING IN LOS ANGELES OR DRAGSTER STUFF OR OFF-ROAD JEEPS IN THE DESERT! WHY DON'T WE CASH IN ON OTHER TYPES OF STORIES? WE SHOULD LOOK BEYOND 25 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL STORY IDEAS.

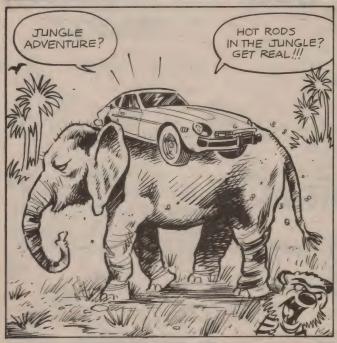














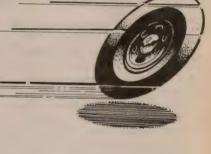






Anthony Lynch Sapwpa, OK

MY WHEELS

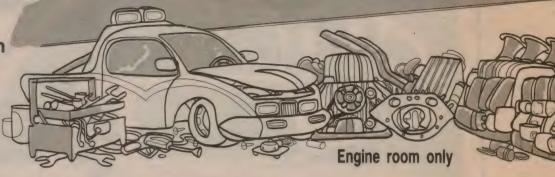




Bruce Goodman Tulare, CA

HOT TRUCK POLL

Poll Director/ **Dennis Ellefson** Poll Taker/ Carl Kohler



Poll taking amounts to going around, bugging people with dumb questions. Busy types give dumb answers for paybacks. It's a mean scene. Our first stop was Powr Trane's Hot Truck Center. The place was wall-to-wall truck engines. Everywhere. The guy even held part of one on his lap. . .

Carl Kohler: Ellefson sent me. Powr Trane: That's your problem.

CK: We're conducting a special poll about Hot Trucks. PT: I don't need a pole. I don't vault. I don't fish. What I need are some sparkplugs immune to carbon fouling, ash fouling and splash fouling.

CK: I forgot to bring any. PT: Thanks a gummy bunch.

CK: Our poll consists of one question: What's A Hot Truck?

PT: That's it?

CK: All of it. The right answer solves the Hot Truck mystique.

PT: Do I get a prize for the right answer?

CK: Not really. You'll be doing a public service. Isn't a noble gesture like that reward enough?

PT: No cap? No T-shirt? Not even a freebie pen? CK: This is an equal opportunity poll. Everybody gets nothing but the satisfaction of answering our question.

PT: Unreal. Where do you people spawn these plans - up some creek without a paddle?

CK: They come to Ellefson in living-color trances.

PT: So have him dream-up the right answer.

CK: Can't. He frowns at sassy contributors. Also at those who miss deadlines. Can we move along here now?

PT: I answer the question, you split. Right?

CK: It's a deal.

PT: Repeat the question. CK: What's A Hot Truck?

PT: That's so easy I almost feel guilty.



CK: Force yourself.

PT: Okay, a Hot Truck is its mill.

CK: All trucks have mills.

PT: True. but we're not talking wheezy little V-Sixers here. We're talking V-Eights. Hefty, beefed-up V-8s. Blocks bulging with massive amounts of sheer power. Mills that threaten eardrums a mile distant. Powerplants with brutal punch. Radically new engines and nuts to all the unAmerican blather about 2-stroke putt-putts.

CK: So your answer is: A Hot Truck Is A Hot Engine. PT: Abso-zooming-lutely! I'm building a thingie right now that goes Detroit one better. 3-sparkplugs for each cylinder! That's gonna be a hot truck!

CK: Thanks for your time and cooperation.

PT: Hold it! Here's your bill.

CK: Bill?

PT: I'm a working wrench, not Mother Teresa.

Across town and on to the Bodd Dewurk's Hot Truck Emporium. Bumper-to-bumper trucks. Everywhere. Plus a type who lurked happily among the machines like a lookout in bolt heaven. . .

Carl Kohler: Ellefson sent me. Bodd DeWurk: Ellefson who?

CK: Never mind. A Hot Truck expert probably doesn't know too many Porshe Speedster enthusiasts.

BD: This Porchy Speedy - some new pickup marque, maybe?

CK: Only if you've got a stretchy imagination.

BD: I don't customize stretch-trucks. Shortbeds, ves. Longbeds, yes. Weird combos, certainly. But no snotty



Bed with splashy waterfall

import stuff. Strictly American street and show winners. Innovation is my middle name.

CK: Hev. that's quaint!

BD: Yeh, but they forgot to include it on my birth certificate.

CK: Doing a little survey here.

BD: Survey? About what?

CK: One question. What's A Hot Truck?

BD: There's a question-and-a-half.

CK: A custom truck rebuilder has to know the right answer.



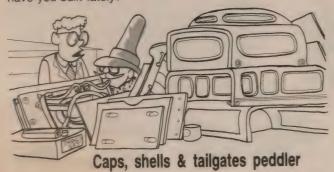
BD: Well...it's not a utility truck. Nor an offroader. Not neccessarily a getaway machine. Or a 110% fun hauler. Maybe a motorsporter. Not as loady, of course, as an 18-wheeler. Possibly sumpin' between a bloated tonkytoy and a mini-tank?

CK: You're getting warm, I think. BD: Got any easier questions?

CK: Nope. We're dedicated to pinning-down the exact Hot Truck mystique. That evasive, haunting quality that makes a Hot Truck different from all other varieties.

BD: Gees. It was right on the tip of my tongue.

CK: Look, your sign clearly says Hot Truck Emporium. What have you built lately?



BD: Uh...converted a Bronco DM-1 into a boomstruck with a soundproof cab and insulated bed for more electronic gear than a spaceship. Installed special shocks to prevent decibel-impact from leaking down and cracking public asphalt.

CK: Qualifying it as a Hot Truck?

BD: Dunno, fer sure.

CK: Anything else worth calling bizarre?

BD: Hmmm. . .tore down a Shelby Dakota Sport and a Dodge Ram, modifying them into a really fresh version.

CK: How Fresh?

BD: Two crewcabs at each end, connected by a tunnel-bed. Strictly a cruising machine for 10-persons. A bit iffy in tight intersection turns though.

CK: Anything wilder than that?

BD: A promising job in progress. Chevy S-10 with two stock cabs on top each other. Double-decker effect.

CK: Grotesque but appealing.

BD: Same jobby will feature a watertight bed with a rock formation fountain, complete waterfall and live trout swimming among lily-pads. Fishing optional.

CK: Stake your reputation it's a Hot Truck?

BD: No way. Experimental is my preference.

CK: B-But your sign says -

BD: Sign is a misprint.

CK: A handpainted sign? Misprint?

BD: Signpainter was just in from Pakistan. Economy rates but wobbly English.



Fired for unauthorized discounts

Next, a brief chat with a furtive soul (who never spoke above a whisper) in *The Cutesie Cap & Shell Shoppe*. He kept glancing nervously over both shoulders. . .

Carl Kohler: Ellefson sent me.

Ty Downs: Please! Watch your language!

CK: Why?

TD: Mother might hear you! CK: Your mother works here?

TD: She's the *owner*. CK: That's good or bad?

TD: Terribly good. . .for *me*. I'm her favorite. She had to fire all seven of my sisters, unfortunately.

CK: How come?

TD: The ninnies insisted upon giving ghastly discounts to every single-guy who set foot in the place. Frankly, I don't miss the pests.

CK: What a rotten attitude!

TD: Please! Lower your voice. Mother's policies forbid doing business with rowdies. How may I help you?

CK: By answering one probing question,.

TD: I'll. . . I'll try.

CK: What's A Hot Truck?

TD: Let's see. . .how can I accurately answer a question like that? Are you from DMV?

CK: No. CARtoons Magazine. We're doing a poll.

TD: I think we sell bed-liners, cab-wings and incredibly advanced tonneaus, many of them to Hot Truck owners.

CK: Define tonneau for me.

TD: Bed-cover. We also handle imported tailgate nets.

CK: That's nice. About the question?

TD: Gosharooty! I'm not sure!

CK: What do you drive?

TD: A ratty old junkeroony with a simply antique toolbox.





Girl-watching from alleys

CK: Shop truck, eh.

TD: No, I call it my girly-truck! Isn't that awful!

CK: You cruise after girls in it?

TD: Can you keep a secret? Cross your heart and hope to

die than tell anybody?

CK: I can do that - until deadline time, anyway.

TD: I park in alleys and watch girls! If Mother ever finds

out — my sales carreer is over! CK: Somehow, that figures.

GI: Spent a decade, fiendishly creating advanced designs — truly *geometric* in the *Scottish* tradition — for a mobile client.

CK: Client's name?

GI: The Plaid Taxicab Company of Fargo, North Dakota.

CK: Hardly Hot Trucks, Picasso.

GI: Bored Yuppy commissioned a flame-pattern for his '89 Chevy Cameo. I was flat broke. He refused to spring for the paint. So I invented *special* flame decals.

CK: Special in what way?

GI: Chemically active. Decals erupted into *live fire* 24-hours following application. An artistic breakthrough. Ruined the machine though. Had to leave Florida.

CK: Now you're doing Hot Trucks. . . I hope.

GI: Developing new techniques, brash materials — While I patiently wait. Poised for success.

CK: Wait for what?

GI: For Hot Trucks to appear on the automotive scene. My sign's up. My shop's ready. All set to execute wholly startling murals, patterns and tints the same day a Hot Truck rolls in here.

CK: THERE'S NO HOT TRUCKS YET?

GI: Oh, there's a *Hot Truck* Magazine somewhere on the stands. A forerunner of trucks to come, I suppose.



Last stop was the Kull Orr Hot Truck Studio, inhabited by a wild-eyed guy under a paint-stained beret whose sweeping gestures were more violent than a traffic cop having a fit during peak rush hour. . .

Carl Kohler: Ellefson sent me.

Graf Icks: Ten-seconds on the property and you're dropping big names! Native Californian, I bet.

CK: Sorry, I entered Earth's orbit from elsewhere.

GI: My kinda person. What's on your alien mind?

CK: Taking a scientific poll. Only one question involved.

GI: Hey, I don't get dresed in the dark. I really am a genuine artist. Science ain't my thrust.

CK: Okay, how about Hot Trucks?
GI: Them I dig. Decorate them daily.
CK: Wonderful. So What's A Hot Truck?

GI: Are ya on something, man?

CK: Yeh. . .it's called a meaningless mission of hollow mirth. I'm exhausted, trying to find a precise definition of what a Hot Truck *is*. An eerie mystery.

GI: You came to the right place.

CK. Convince me, Rembrandt.

GI: First, a condensed set of qualifications. A rare allergy prevents me from working on paper, posterboard, canvas or wood. Metal, plastic, plexiglas and even laminated porcelain are safe

CK: So you specialize in truck paintjobs, right?

GI: Wrong. Detroit does paintjobs. I do modern art. Exotic concepts beyond today's grasp. Futuristic designs less-graphically-sensitive types cannot attain. I pioneer inner and outer vehicular effects.

CK: How'd you get into it?

Ceramics is Tomorrow's truck substance, man. I've already got the charming Indian Pottery abstractions designed and waiting!

Had to leave Florida

On that sour note, the Poll collapsed. The next time Ellefson sends me on a wild goose chase, there'd better be a wild goose to catch!



Ceramic truck designs readied



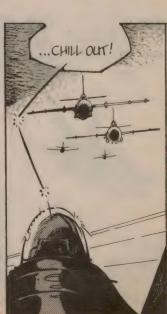




Russian Fighter. Allied code name "Fitter"











How many mistakes so far, Hmmmmm?







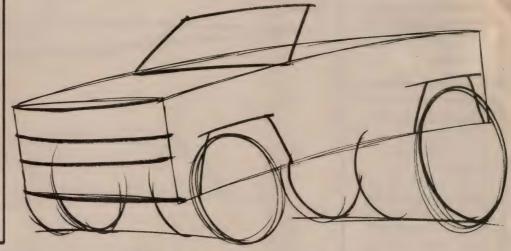




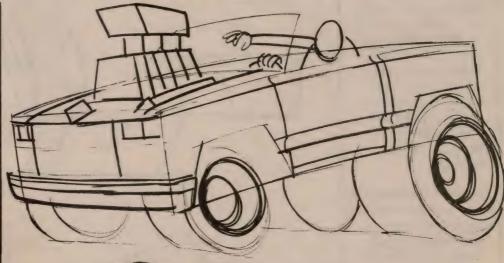


FOI TRUCS

JOT TRUCKS ARE
JUST TRUCKS....
HOT RODDED!
LET'S GET OUR
'88 CHEVY ISCO
STARTED WITH
THE BOX YOU
SEE HERE. ADD
WHEELS AND
OPENINGS, A
WINDSHIELD THEN
DIVIDE AND BUMP
OUT THE FRONT
END.



SUILD UP A HOT ENGINE WITH BOXES AS SHOWN STACK-ING ONE ON TOP OF ANOTHER, ADD A DRIVER THEN CUT A DIP IN THE SIDE OF THE BODY. UP FRONT, ROUGH IN SOME HEAD-LIGHTS AND A FRONT BUMPER. DOOR LINES AND TIRE CONTOUR GET US READY FOR ...



DNKING WITH
YOUR FAVORITE
BALL POINT OR
FELT TIP PENS.
CUSTOM PAINT,
LOTSA' CHROME
AND WILD PIPES
GIVE THIS RIDE
A REAL HOT ROD
LOOK. PERSONAL
TOUCHES HELP
MAKE IT YOURS!

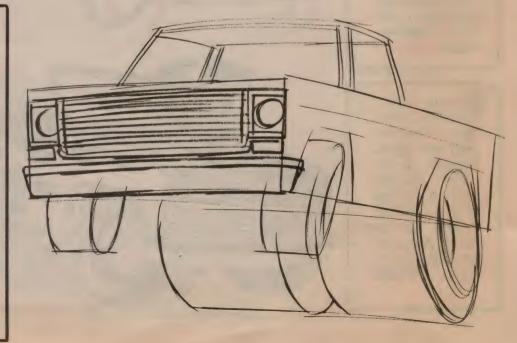


MOKAY...LET'S GET A LITTLE HOTTER WITH THIS CHEVY BLAZER. CAREFULLY COPY THE TWO BOXES IVE GOT HERE WITH THE TOP ONE SITTING JUST ABOUT MIDWAY ON THE BOTTOM ONE. ALSO, INDICATE THE WHEEL WELLS.

WHILE WE'RE THERE, LET'S ROUGH IN SOME NORMAL TIRES UP FRONT AND A SET OF HUMONGOUS SLICKS IN THE BACK, KEEP THINGS LINED UP AND TRUE WITH SOME GUIDE LINES. ADD SOME CONTOUR TO THE TIRES AND INDICATE SOME RIMS. NOW LET'S CARVE OUT THAT CAB AREA DRAWING RIGHT THROUGH THINGS AT THIS ROUGH PENCIL STAGE.



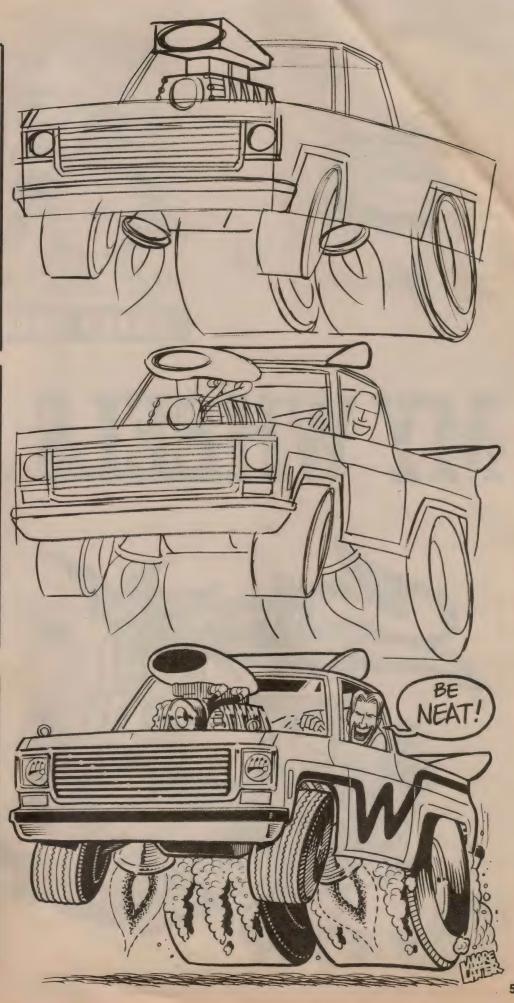
JEXT, LET'S TACKLE THAT FRONT END FIRST BLOCKING OUT THE HEADLIGHT, PARKING LIGHT AND GRILL AREAS ALONG WITH THE FRONT BUMPER. THEN LET'S DETAIL EACH OF THESE AREAS OUT WITH SOME ROUND HEADLIGHTS SQUARE PARKING UGHTS AND A STRAIGHT BAR GRILL. LAY IN THE RUBBER STRIP ACROSS THE BUMPER.



TIME TO DROP IN A MONSTER ENGINE STARTING WITH THE BASIC BOXES I'VE GOT STACKED UP HERE, THEN ADD THINGS LIKE THE CURVED BUG CATCHER, FUEL LINES AND SOME BLOWER DETAILS. IT'S ALSO A GOOD TIME TO ROUGH IN SOME PIPES DRAWING RIGHT THROUGH THEM TO GET THE ELIPSES RIGHT.

THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE TO PENCIL IN SOME GOODIES LIKE THE ROOF SPOILER AS WELL AS ONE ON THE BACK, ROUGH YOURSELF IN AS THE DRIVER THEN ADD DETAILS LIKE THE DOOR LINES, WHEEL WELL FLARES AND THE CHARACTER-ISTIC SIDE BODY LINE AND SIDE SIGNIAL LIGHT.

LIT'S THAT TIME AGAIN ... INKING! NEATLY OUTLINE THE BASIC SHAPES WITH A FAT TIPPED PEN ADDING THE DETAILS WITH A FINE LINED TIP. SOUD BLACK AREAS HELP THE OVERALL LOOK OF YOUR DRAWING. HIGH LIGHTS HELP ADD SPARKLE AND SHINE. 60 MAGIC FINGERS!

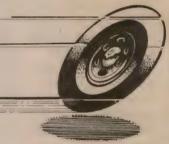






BIG BRUTUS

MYWHEELS





























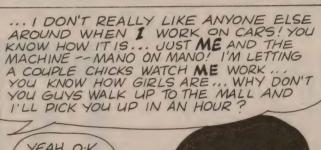
















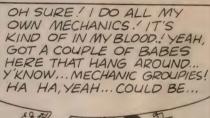


































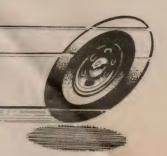








MYWHEELS





160 page Best of CARtoons coming.







FTER DRIVING THROUGH LIMBO FOR SEVERAL PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE, DORATHY GALE, THE TIN MAN, THE SCARECROW, THE LION AND FOMOCO FINALLY APPROACH THE

THERE IT IS! THAT'S WHERE THE WIZARD LIVES ... I JUST KNOW IT.

EMERALD AUTO PLANT! LOOK SISTER, FOR THE LAST TIME... NO ONE BUT NO ONE GETS PAST YOU MAY PASS WELL BLESS MY SPOOF!

ME WITHOUT A WRITTEN SECURITY ORDER ISSUED FROM THE MAIN OFFICE IN CENTRAL DIVISION!

OH BUT ... GOLLY! WIZARD YOU OLD ..

SHOW HIM THE BOOK BOOTS!

THE RUBY BIKER BOOTS! WHY, MY PAPPY TOLD ME ABOUT THOSE BABIES WHEN I WAS KNEE HIGH TO A MUNCHIE!



O-KEEPER OF THE COOLEST BOOTS!

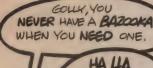


NSIDE, DORATHY AND HER GANG ARE GIVEN THE POYAL TREATMENT BEFORE BEING GIVEN THE ROYAL TREATMENT!



AHHHAHAHAA ... YOU HAD BETTER TURN YOURSELVES IN YOU BAND OF MECHANICAL MISFITS ..! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL SO MANY CITATIONS YOU'LL BE IN TRAFFIC SCHOOL FOR THE REST OF YOUR STINKY, & PUCKEY LIVES!



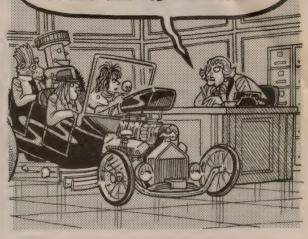


HA HA HEE HOHA HA A HEE HO

C'MON YOU THREE IDEALIZED SYMBOLS OF EMOTIONAL REPRESSION ... WE'VE JUST GOTTA' SEE THAT WIZARD!

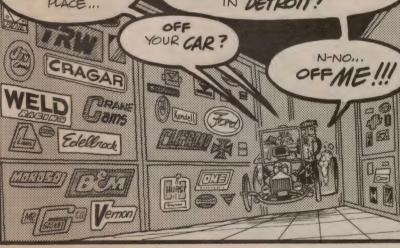


ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT .. ? WELLYOU 00 HAVE THE BOOTS ... OH, ALL RIGHT ... I SUPPOSE I CAN FIT YOU'IN. MR. WIZARD WILL SEE YOU NOW ...



ОНННН ... I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE ...

Y-YEAH! IT REMINDS ME OF THE TIME MY LUG NUTS WERE STOLEN IN A PARKING GARAGE IN DETROIT!



WOW! LOOK, THE WIZARD! IT'S ... IT'S ...



DONALD TRUMP!

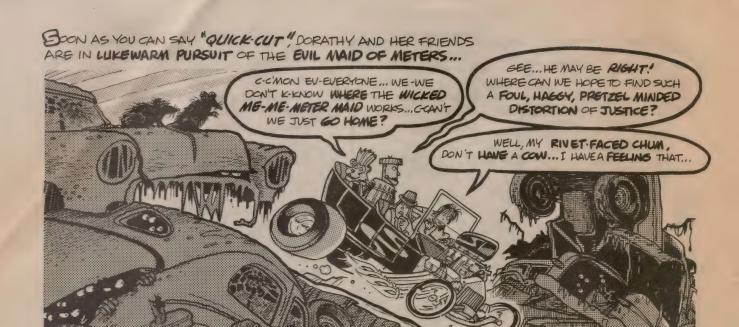
I AM THE GREAT AND ROWERFUL WIZARD OF CARZ!!! WHO ARE YOU OOD-BALLS AND HOW DID YOU GET AN APPOINTMENT?

> OH PLEASE YOUR REALLY RICHNESS ... WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO GO INTO ALLTHAT NOW. DIDN'T YOU GET THE MESSAGE I

FAX-ED FROM THE MINI . MART?

OH RIGHT. THE GIRL WITH THE BOOTS . RIGHT, WELL ... YOU KNOW, LITTLE GIPL ... THIS IS A BUSINESS ... SO LET'S SEE ... TELL YOU WHAT, YOU GET ME THE WICKED METER MAID'S CART. THROW IN THE BOOTS AND WE'LL TALK. SOUND GOOD? CIAO KIDS!

hmmm



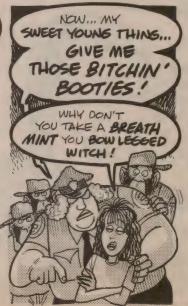
SO... MY PRETTY PRETTY'S HAVE LEFT
THE EMERALD AUTO PLANT AND WERE
SEEN HEADING WEST ON POOTHILL BLVD...
GO MY GREASE MONKEYS! GO AND BRING
ME THAT OBNOXIOUS GIRL AND HER
SMELLY PIT BULL! GO!!!

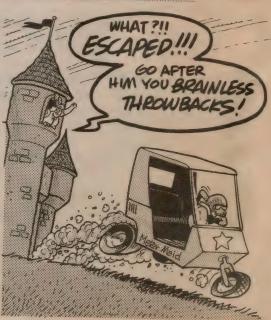


MINUTES LATER, DORATHY AND THE RESTARE ATTACKED BY A CROWD OF EVIL, BLOODTHIRSTY, MATTED GREASE MONKEYS ...







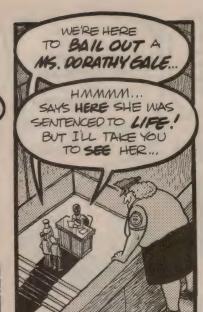


FONOCO! TAKE US TO CORATHY!

D-DOES THIS D-DOG

SURE, BUT IT'S JUST





BUT AS THE THREE PRIENDS TRY TO RESCUE TO PRINT THE EVIL METER MAID HAS OTHER IDEAS...

I DON'T CARE WHO HER LAWYER IS, SHE'S NOT LEAVING UNTIL I GET THOSE BOOTS! AND AS FOR YOU... HOW ABOUT A LITTLE AUDIT



OH NO! MY BUSINESS! MY BUSINESS!

RUN HAY HEAD! I'LL SMEAR THE INK WITH THE WATER!

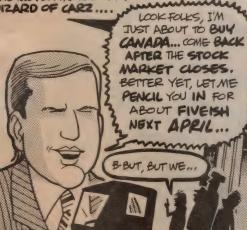


MY TERMINAL! I'M LOSEING
MY LOGICAL BITS!!!!





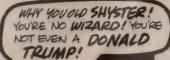
WITHIN THE HOUR THE GROUP HAS BROUGHT THE EUIL METER MAIO'S CART BACK TO THE WIZARD OF CARZ....











NOW, HOLD ON HERE
LITTLE EIRL. TRUE, I
MAY NOT BE A FASCINATING MULTI- BILLIONAIRE...
BUT I AM THE MONDERPUL
WIZARD OF CARZ! AND
I'M GOING TO HIGH EACH
AND EVERY ONE OF YOU...



FOR BREAK-

MAN OF STRAW, THE

AND FOR YOU,
YOU MAN OF
GALVINIZED METAL,
A NEW, CHRYSLER
SOLARIZED, IONIC
199 YEAR BATTERY!



AND YOU, MY FINE
FRICHTENED FRIEND... IM
GOING TO TAKE YOUR 1974
PINTO AS A TRACEIN FOR A
BRAND NEW FESTEROSSA!

GGOSH, NOW I GW BLOW ALL THOSE OTHER LITTLE CRITTERS OUT OF THE JUNGLE! B-BUT WHAT ABOUT O'RORATHY?!



YEA, WHAT ABOUT DORATHY YOU OLD ... MR I?



WELL I GUESS I COULD DROP YOU OFF AT HOME ON MY WAY TO THE







UP FRONT ACTION!

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